

The Random Jottings off Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Noyna Colne Lancashire.

In the heart of Pendle, Lancashire, where the Pennines hills stretched their ancient arms toward the heavens, stood a hill that held the secrets of generations. Noyna Hill, often whispered about by locals, possessed a mystical aura that seemed to weave its tales into the very fabric of the land.

Legend had it that the hill was a sacred site for witches and warlocks, a place where the veil between the mortal world and the ethereal realm was thin. Stories of broomstick flights and enchantments carried on the wind were passed down through the ages, giving rise to the hill's local names: "Noyna," "Noyna Rock," and even "Noyna Rocks."

In the quaint village of Foulridge, nestled at the hill's base, villagers spoke of Noyna Hill with a mixture of reverence and apprehension. They marveled at its ability to offer a breathtaking panorama of Lancashire and the Yorkshire Dales on a clear day, a reminder of the vast beauty that lay beyond their horizon. Yet, they also whispered tales of moonlit gatherings and mysterious rituals performed by witches atop the rocky outcrop.

Noyna Rocks, the towering stones that crowned the hill's peak, were a source of both wonder and trepidation. The rocks, though not extraordinarily tall, held a commanding presence, seeming to watch over the land below like ancient sentinels. Their surfaces were etched with enigmatic symbols, said to be the markings of spells and incantations cast by the witches of old. Among the many stories, one tale stood out—a story of a young woman named Elara, rumored to possess the blood of witches in her veins. Elara had always been drawn to the mystique of Noyna Hill, her heart aching to uncover the truths hidden amidst the tales. With a heart full of courage, she set out one moonlit night, her footsteps guided by a glimmering star.

As Elara ascended Noyna Hill, the world around her seemed to shift. The air grew thick with anticipation, and the rocks whispered secrets only she could hear. Her fingers traced the ancient symbols, and as if awakened by her touch, they began to glow softly. The hill itself seemed to come alive, its energy enveloping her in a cocoon of enchantment.

In the midst of this ethereal dance, Elara's eyes met those of a mysterious figure—an elderly woman with a presence that held the weight of centuries. The woman introduced herself as Selene, a guardian of the hill and a keeper of its magical legacy. She spoke of the ancient witches and warlocks who had once gathered here, harnessing the natural energies to heal, protect, and commune with the forces beyond.

As the night unfolded, Selene shared stories of broomstick flights that transcended earthly limitations, of potions brewed from the herbs that carpeted the hillside, and of the bond between humans and the spirits of nature. Elara felt a connection, a resonance deep within her soul that affirmed her lineage and destiny.

In the days that followed, Elara became a frequent visitor to Noyna Hill, her bond with Selene growing stronger with each passing encounter. Together, they delved into forgotten spells, breathing life into ancient rituals that had long slumbered. The villagers of Foulridge began to view Noyna Hill with new eyes, as a place of wonder and magic rather than fear.

As time flowed on, the energy of Noyna Hill began to radiate beyond its boundaries. The land flourished, and tales of its rejuvenation spread far and wide. No longer shrouded in mystery, Noyna Hill became a beacon of light, drawing seekers and wanderers from distant lands.

And so, the story of Noyna Hill continued, an ever-evolving tapestry woven with threads of enchantment, courage, and the enduring spirit of those who dared to look beyond the mundane and into the realm of the extraordinary.

By Donald Jay.

